TRANSCRIPT—CISSY DENDY

Interviewee: Cissy Dendy

Interviewer: Zoe Rhine

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Transcriber: Pat Fitzpatrick

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Abstract: Cissy Dendy spoke with Zoe Rhine while approximately 30 Dendy family photos were scanned during the North Asheville History Project Scanning Day, April 8, 2017. This conversation includes details about the photographs as well as general reminiscences.

Cissy Dendy: (Speaking in progress) --woman who organized my high school reunion last year, who lives over in South Asheville I think, and I said to her, I said, “You know, I know before even that movie came out on the women who were the computers at NASA, that one of the kids who graduated from our high school also was part of a group of --” She didn't work on the space shot, she worked on the sonic boom planes, so the sonic booms were a problem. And I said, “She was there before we were but she's still alive and she's friends with Katherine Johnson.” And she said, “Who are you talking about?” And I said, “The Hidden Figures should also include Eleanor, everybody always wants to go to Nina Simone, Nina Simone. Allen had great girls and we all worked and some of us went into science and math and Christine Mann did. Christine Dunn, she just lived on

Monroe or something." So she said, "How do you know?" So I said, "Well, I found the article so I was just mailing her a copy." And then when I put the stamp on the letter, the stamp that I had noticed was that I had bought some Harvey Milk stamps. The last official thing Harvey Milk did before he was shot dead at City Hall was to sign some paperwork for me. So I said, "Oh, I am having a day." So here we go.

Zoe Rhine: Could I ask who Allen is? You said everybody cares about Nina Simone...

CD: Well, everybody cares about Nina Simone, but nobody knows about Christine Mann, who was one of the computers at the NASA, one of these hidden figures.

ZR: Yeah.

CD: Well, she was at Allen, which is the high school I graduated from over here on...

ZR: Oh,

CD: Yes.

ZR: And what's her name?

CD: Here, darling. Lord have mercy. Start observing.

ZR: I know. I talk too fast.

CD: I was raised here but I'm part ( ). Okay. This is an article out of the Charlotte Observer about Christine Gardner. And that's her posted with Katherine Johnson. She's still alive. And I said, "You know what? We've been trying to get a historic marker about Allen so that people will know" And it's not only the amazing Black women that came out of there, it's the story of the Methodist missionaries, most of whom are, the last of

them are dying living up here at Brooks Howell Home on Merrimon Avenue. Miss Walker just died who was our superintendent, I think, last year. And I said, “They couldn't get anybody to archive the stuff that was Allen, so Appalachian State has it.” It's not here in Asheville. It's not in the North Carolina Room. We tried getting a historic marker for the place and they told us we couldn't because none of the original buildings are there. We can't do it. And I know none of the original buildings are there with all this Civil War crap that's around here, but Allen is important and the only other name you hear is Nina Simone. Nina was amazing, right, but she's not the only thing that came out of Allen. So what can I say? All right.

ZR: Can I come live with you?

CD: Why?

ZR: You're so much fun.

CD: You go drinking with me and we can talk. And you must know that this is my library. I was a fan of the one that was back here behind the post office and I'm frequently down here, so-- But not much since December since, I've been doing like a little community--participating in a plan and trying to get my neighborhood organized and stuff like that.

[Looking through papers.]

CD: You can have that.

ZR: I can have this?

CD: Yeah. It's on my computer. I can print it off.

ZR: Okay.

CD: You can have that, child. It's printed on junk paper, you understand.

ZR: I supposed you wouldn't be interested in telling that story you just told.

CD: What story?

ZR: Robert Morgan.

CD: About how much? ( ).

ZR: With the same pizzazz.

CD: If I have to tell it three times in a row, yes.

ZR: Just one more time.

CD: Oh, you mean right now?

ZR: Yeah.

CD: Oh, boy. Okay, why don't we come back to Colonel, I promise, before we leave.

ZR: Okay. All right. And is your last name Dendy?

CD: It is. D-e-n-d-y.

ZR: And is it--

CD: I'll give you the official and I'll tell you how everybody knows me. Especially if you promise to make a library book and put it on a shelf. The next time Pete comes back to

town I can say, “Yo. I done got your ass-- Excuse me.” You are fixing to see some pictures, people. I tell everybody, I told Allen Whitesides, I told him, “You need to contact the library and you need to go give your stuff, too”, because only the college and everybody else, always giving you awards like you're the only Black person in Asheville. But I'm telling you, this stuff needs to be in the library in order for other people to know, right? So he said he was going to call. Who should I talk to to get the lady's name downtown?

Ione Whitlock: It is probably me.

CD: Okay. So I told him to call and he says, “Well, I know her.” And I said, because he lives over there behind A-B Tech, and I said, “What's your library?” And he said theirs is downtown.

ZR: He was in our 1980s program last summer. He was on the last one. He was wonderful and I met him in a meeting for that.

CD: He was freaked out because he was talking to me about Ace Corps and stuff like that. And I said, “Well, you guys know I did stuff when I was a kid, but you guys were older than me and I wasn't Ace CORES. Those of us on Madison were Congress.” That's stuff they had on NAACP. And he said, “What is Congress?” And I said, “CORES.” And she said, “Well, who calls it that?” And I said, “It would be a person who was in it in the fifties and sixties.” Because you didn't say Congress on Racial Equality. You just said Congress because it was street hip.

[Copying from book.]

CD: Pete is a local guy and he comes up here periodically, and he got all the Blacks together he could find at UNCA and got us all to give a gift, I think we ended up somehow with $26,000 to give to UNCA because we were all-- He and I. Do you know who this is? [Looking in book.] This is seeing what white people know about history. Do you know who that is? I'm going to say he was one of my dad's best friends and he was in and out of here with my dad all the time. Think sports. Think sports. You all know who Joe Louis is?

IW: Oh, yeah.

CD: Okay. He was a1940s Black fighter who beat the shit out of a German fighter and became America's hero.

IW: Is that Joe Louis?

CD: Joe Louis, the brown ( ). And he and Daddy was friends and he was in and out of here all the time. And it ruined my life. It was the first time I got into Las Vegas with my girls and my fake ID and running with a posse from New York and was getting ready to party down. Joe was retired, living in Vegas and was essentially a bouncer of a celebrity. So my dad calls and goes, “The little bitch is in Vegas with a fake ID. Stop that shit.”

ZR: You were out of there in a second.

CD: I wasn't out of shit. But he certainly made my life more complicated. I am my daddy's child and I can unlock any posse if I have to. I said, “Hi. That old man is not wrecking my day.” I didn't come to Vegas with a posse and a fake ID to get stomped on. Come on. Not having it.

ZR: That's Joe Louis.

CD: And Daddy would tell you he taught him how to play golf. And he sponsored a lot of Black golf tournaments and stuff.

IW: When was that picture taken?

CD: I don't know, child. But I can look on here. Because Joe didn't live in Asheville, he just visited because of Jack. This is my mother. My father is fabulous but my mother was equally fabulous, and this is a girl story right here.

ZR: The shoe came out all right.

CD: I did because she didn't want me to be her and the whole world thought I should be. She was cultured. She was sweet. She deplored my language.

ZR: Not matching up yet.

CD: She liked that I was smart, she liked that I was a tomboy, and she liked that I typically wasn't scared. I told her there it was nothing I wasn't scared of, what you call-- I'm a psychologist by training. I'm typically what they call counterphobic. If you scare me, I'm going to come right at you. So whatever scares me the most is what I'm going to deal with the most. I'm terrified of snakes. I kept them as pets. And it didn't help. It drove the missionaries crazy at Allen because, you know, the teachers were terrified of snakes. I got up, school was about snakes.

ZR: Wait. If you were scared to death of them, why did you keep them?

CD: Because a counterphobe, the thing you fear the most is fear. In order to deal with fear, instead of walking away from it, you come right at it. So if you're scared of fire, you become a firebug or a fireman, if you're a counterphobe. If you're scared of heights, you fucking jump out of a plane. So whatever you're scared of, that's what you're coming at. So whatever I'm most scared of, I'm going to come right at it. You have nothing to fear but fear itself, darling.

ZR: Well, I am most scared of snakes and I run screaming every time.

CD: You run screaming every time?

ZR: Uh-huh.

CD: Well, that's boring. Can you guys copy this? Okay. This is my mom. This is her obit when she died, okay? Mom's middle name is McLean, and there's a McLean Street over off of Kenilworth, over near Wyoming, over in that area. It's named after her father, except that the City changed the spelling of a name. It's pissed off the whole family. They have it spelled like McLean. But a friend of mine who recently, the last few years, bought a house over there, says on the deed, the property deed, it has it spelled like you guys spell it, McClain. And I said, “That's because, for whatever reason, white people decided that the Black peoples name had to be screwed up.” That's all it is. No other reason for that. It's a little alley like street. What I did with my mom was, before she died, she was a much better storyteller than I am. Because she's that person who, anybody in the family has old women that know your six cousins three times removed? You got that lady?

ZR: Not anymore, but, yeah.

CD: I don't have her anymore, either, because she died in '92. But I was that kid that didn't particularly care for children and loved to hear the old women talk. And they weren't all that old. Some of them were in their forties, fifties and sixties. But I was that little kid that when I was ten would rather spend my time listening to grown women than playing with kids. And not to the men, just to the women. Right? So when they talked, Black, white, whatever they were, or Cherokees for that matter, I generally get up under the table keeping my mouth shut and listen. And sometimes they would look under there and they'd go, “Marge, you know she under there?” And Mom would say, “Yeah, that's all right. She can hear. Just leave her. She's learning.” So what I did, my brother one year gave us both-- I was in California because I lived out there for 23 years, but I was frequently coming back to visit. She had the same tape recorder I did, because my brother gave us both the same thing. And I said, “This is it. Any time you come to see me is going to be cigarettes”--both of us smoked Salem Lights back then--”Salem Lights, cigarettes and brandy, and we just going to talk family.” And then when I wasn't around, I'd say, “Just sit in the kitchen and act like I am and say 'Sis, so and so and so and so'.” And I said, “I want a genealogy but I want the stories that go with it.” So over years, she did, and then what I did after she died is, Butch [brother] and I cut it down to make one 48-minute tape. Now, a lot of it is who begat. Who stuff. But in this came, her family, her mother's family, came out of slavery in Azalea, which is Oteen.

ZR: Swannanoa?

CD: Uh-huh. Gudger family. Know that name in Asheville politics and stuff? Gudger family. So the Raits(?), the Sayles, the women coming out--the walk out of slavery with the child that died and was buried on Valley Street that everybody has changed to

Charlotte Street. And I said, “Not in my head. It will always be Valley Street.” The walk to Tennessee, the coming back, whatever. It's also a little short part of her father's family, which I guess originally came from Georgia. But it was a white guy who had a common-law Black wife and they had their children and sent them north for education and to get trades. And then other part of the family that were enslaved in Laurens, South Carolina, but two of the family members were not treated as slaves and one by one they got all of the kids out of slavery, except one. It's all on here. And then she brings it all the way through to my first cousins who are still alive, who are still alive now. So there's who did what to whom and funny stuff, and sad stuff. And it's in her voice. So you're welcome to copy that. And it is Margie McClain Dendy, that's her story. I gave that to my nephew when he was in college and they were talking about genealogy and stuff and he ran that by his faculty advisor and she said, “You have no idea what you have.” And he said, “Actually, I do.”

ZR: Do you still have the unedited version?

CD: Yeah, but some it's got family stuff in there about folks who still have family living around here, so--my name is by birth Henrietta Marianne Dendy, but nobody who really knows me calls me anything other than Cissy, C-i-s-s-y. And my mother called me ultimately Ann or Sis. My father called me OD or Odessa, during the sixties when I was into drugs. OD meant overdose. Which I never did. Odessa was actually one of his old girlfriends and that would piss off my mother. I was named after my mother's mother and she didn't want to name me after her mother, she wanted to name me after her grandmother. So it all got very complicated. If you're listening to the tape and you hear her say Sis, it's because she's either talking to me or pretending to talk to me.

IW: Asheville's Plan on a Page? The City planning thing?

CD: I led a group and since my group was almost all white folks who moved here in the last few years, I said, “Let me write the history part”, so the page and half of it is a very, very brief history of what Asheville--my street was like in the fifties and the early sixties with the Black families who lived there. I call it Asheville Starlets(?) Row. It's on the City's web site and you are more than welcome to pull this thing out of here.

[Copying papers.]

CD: Because that's going to give you--and I'll go down quickly through that to show you who was on Madison Avenue when I was growing up. That's what this day is supposed to be about anyway. I told you I was going to give you some work, right?

ZR: Well, we've been sitting here waiting for you, all day.

CD: Well, I'm sorry. I was just like going through--I have all kind of junk at my house. Nobody wanted the stuff so I ended up collecting it all. This is just a copy of an article about Daddy in a caddy golfing contest, probably back in--it would have to be back in the thirties. On internet clear thing is that, when my brother was in college at Morehouse, which is also where my father went and that's also when my parents knew the--Martin Luther King and his daddy, it was on Morehouse--all these articles that keep coming out, including in Los Angeles, about Daddy and golf, and that somehow or other there's a quote in Daddy's story about how to make--when he was a little kid that he worked as a caddy at what was the country club. It was Asheville Country Club--how this work. Asheville Country Club, which is now the one that the Grove Park Inn is on, because they

bought that and named it, the one that was on Merrimon, the one that was primarily where the Jewish, the lake one and they kind of stripped it over there. But the place where he first worked as a little kid caddy because he lived over here, was up there. And that's where he learned to golf. And so they were much more supportive of their Black caddies getting time to golf.

ZR: At the Asheville Country Club?

CD: Uh-huh. Mostly Jewish.

ZR: Oh, so that makes sense.

CD: Of course it was. So that's actually who got him into it, right? Because it's not like Black people played golf in any great numbers. And he just fell in love with it and they just kept encouraging him and some of the other caddies, too. But he still was trying to practice in pastures and lawns and he actually made some of his own clubs with broomsticks and just, they gave him old golf heads and stuff. So somebody made--they used to say things like, when you did something really kind of unique, that was called Yankee ingenuity. The folks around there, if you were African-American was to say Ethiopian. Which was kind of a slam, you know what I mean? And somebody printed that and the internet was just getting started, and it hit the internet and the country of Ethiopia decided they wanted to recognize Ethiopian immigrants who made it big in America and they picked that up and decided that my father was from Ethiopia. And I'm like, Daddy was a little round, surely he wouldn't have been a Tutsi, so what would he have been? They got his birthday wrong. They put his birthday in May but supposedly they have a day in Ethiopia in May to recognize his birthday. And I go, but Daddy was

born April 9th. He wasn't born in May. And so I asked my father at one point, “Can we get rid of this?” Because once it's in the internet you're stuck with it. So I said, “Until we get rid of this, can you at least pretend you're Ethiopian,” because I was like making Ethiopian friends, and I could cop some serious attitude.

ZR: Let me ask you if you--if Paul--I thought it would just come follow me. He makes movies here, he does historic stuff. Paul--he's currently doing one on, I just saw it here, Bonesteel, with Bonesteel Films. He's making a film on the Skyview. Nobody has talked to you yet? Can I give him your name?

CD: If he's doing Skyview golf, somebody there is going to give him my name or my brother's name.

ZR: I didn't know about your--

[Other people talking over this conversation.]

CD: And there's also some stuff you can find, I seen some stuff that Johnny Grant, in the Urban News. That's some stuff on Skyview. She's a distant cousin and we all...

ZR: I tried to find her office one time and I couldn't find it.

CD: She isn't hard to find. I'll introduce you if you want.

ZR: Okay.

CD: Okay, so this is just--

ZR: And Cissy is C-i-s-s-y?

CD: Everybody is always trying to make it S, but this is like when the R( ) was still president of Biltmore Forest Country Club and they did the--when they did that honor thing for my father. And I wrote them to say, this was him, like R( ) writing to thank us for participating and making ( ). And this is me being my typical father's daughter writing them back saying, “Thanks for the thanks but I still want you to name the damn bar and grille Brooks's Place.” My father would tell you, this is the child that will take--if there isn't but one pork chop, she'll ask for the whole hog. And I know that when he was, the young one was the president, and he was just stepping down, his father was still alive. And they used to own all the Sheratons and stuff in Asheville. So whenever they would like make runs to Atlanta, Daddy would catch rides with them and the young R( ) who was then the president of the club, got his life ruined, because once my father had you you didn't get to do what you wanted to do, you had to do what he wanted to do. So he used to talk about all the times when they would run--and Daddy would take over that ship and ruin the day, and I said, “Well, if you were stupid enough to play chauffeur, you probably got what you needed coming.” All right. So, for your scanning. I don't know what Mommy and her crew were doing, but this is obviously, well, I said to Butch, “To me, Black life is not just a reaction to whites.” And they think it is. They have their own culture. They have their own things. Whatever it is. And some of the photos that I think I like to see in things, like this, would be photos like that. Only problem is, I have no idea what this group is. Obviously, it was during wartime or just after that, maybe fifties. And that's Mama. I love that. At one point Mommy was a beautician and one of the big social events in Asheville for African-Americans was the beauticians' black and white ball. And do not think of dragging your butt in there in a gown that was not black or white, or black

and white. So don't come tripping in there in your black with your red, because your ass would be sent. Right? This was the black and white.

ZR: Your mother is very beautiful.

CD: My mother's a knockout. Definitely that.

ZR: One man in here...

CD: Yeah. I'm going to guess that might have been in a church and that preacher might have had something to do with this group. But whatever it is, I think it was a political thing. This is scalable. The Disney children. My brother Butch who lives with me now, and my younger brother Edward who died, and me. Precious.

ZR: Oh, God.

CD: Not really, but...

ZR: Close.

[Laughter.]

CD: Mom used to work down on The Block at a beauty parlor and at some point that closed down so she was doing hair at home. And so any time we were out in public, the rule was you represent the Dendys so don't you show your ass on the street. But as long as you were in your room, she didn't care if you killed him. So it literally sounded like we were breaking furniture because we were. But the women were in the kitchen getting their hair washed and if their only experience was at church or when they saw us in the street and we were these perfectly behaved children, and then you are literally hearing the

furniture break, they would look at her and she'd say, “I don't care. Listen, they know if they break their bed they going to sleep on the floor.” But she didn't do anything! “When they back there, we don't care if they kill each other. When they hit that living room, they have their little acts together when they hit the living room. Angels.”

ZR: Is your mother in here?

CD: Marge, where's Marge? She's in there. Let me see, where's Marge. Marge, Marge. Yeah, this is Marge right here.

[Scanning items.]

ZR: Okay. I'm trying to find her now.

CD: And this is Marge. The second one in.

ZR: This is your mother?

CD: Yes. I told you the little fox was a knockout.

ZR: I have a picture of my mother that's colorized and Mother said Woolworth's did it.

CD: Uh-huh, I'm sure. That's Marge and Dad. And he was the real shame of the family. Baby brother was a Black Republican. Hand to God, around the kitchen, around the dining room table you will not be screaming and hollering here, right? Big brother is a goody-two-shoes Democrat, African Methodist Episcopal. Little sister is a anarchist tree-hugging Buddhist native spiritualist. Baby brother is a lapsed Baptist Republican who during the Goldwater thing wanted a Goldwater poster hung up in a segregated Black

high school. Mom was a Presbyterian who just prayed and Dad was never never, so. But the conversation at the dinner table was, “Watch it.”

ZR: Do you know the other couple?

CD: I think that's Mr. and Mrs. Cherry who lived on Broad Street, who were friends of my parents. And I'm not sure where the venue is. It might have been--it might have been the Orange Peel, which was--no, that was all the clubs for African-Americans back in the day. So this baby brother who was half way responsible for getting Congressman Bill Hendon elected back in the early eighties to Congress. And that's him posing with him. And this also is Bojangles during the 1993 blizzard. And him and his senior manager was supposed to be doing inventory that day and they were actually able to get in, open up, even though there was snow up there at the top of the buses, and they got their biscuit boy in, right? And they opened up and fed the EMS, the Fire Department and the Police Department chicken and biscuits all day until they ran out of stock. And they said that was one way of getting out of inventory, sell it all. On that tape, when you listen to it, there's Mom talking about her grandmother, not my grandmother. Her grandmother's sister Hattie. So this would be from the 1800s, I think, but maybe that picture was taken in the early early 1900s.

ZR: Tell me hour two brothers' names again.

CD: Legal name is William Benjamin Dendy. He's still lives with me. I asked him if he wanted to come, because he knows how to stroke, his past memory is sharp. It's the recent stuff that's foggy for him. This is Edward Thomas Dendy. So we call him Butch, the older boy is Butch. The younger boy we call ET. I'm Henrietta and I'm called Cissy.

ZR: [Laughing uncontrollably.] I'm sorry.

CD: I know. It's hysterical.

ZR: And so the Republican is Edward.

CD: Yeah. ET, the Extraterrestrial. He would refer to himself as Moi.

ZR: I just want to be sure who all these are. And this would have been taken--

CD: Okay. On Daddy's side, he had Aunt Corene, who lived with her husband at 98 Broad till right around the corner from us.

[Sorting photos.]

[Other persons conversing.]

CD: And my mother's father would be Orange, like the orange the fruit, McClain. And they lived over on McClain Street. In fact, it's named for them, because they were the only people living over there when the City named the street.

ZR: Henrietta McClain Victory?

CD: I don't know what the Victory is about.

ZR: And the sister is Hattie? Is Hattie for Henrietta?

CD: No, Hattie is Hattie.

ZR: Well, this is a beautiful picture. I just don't have the story right.

CD: That's all right.

ZR: All right. So Margaret Denty's [sic] mother was--

CD: There's not a Margaret, now.

ZR: What's her name?

CD: Are we talking about Mom?

ZR: Your mother.

CD: Marjorie, M-a-r-j-o-r-i-e. Marge.

ZR: Marjorie Denty's mother was--

CD: Dendy. No Dentys. My dad says, “Why can't they say our name?” And I go, “Yeah, they can.” No, they can't. If you look in a newspaper, they spell it Denny, D-e-n-n, Dinty. You can always tell where the white people grew up. And I said, “I got news for you, some of the articles written about you were written by Blacks and they got it wrong, too.” But when you read the first couple pages of this, you're going to laugh. [Sorting more items to scan.]

ZR: I was trying to get the names. Your mother's mother's name.

CD: My mother's mother's name is Henrietta, H-e-n-r-i-e-t-t-a. That's who I'm named after. Maiden name is Carter. And, of course, married name McClain, M-c, small C, large C, l-a-i-n.

ZR: Large C--

CD: Okay. So it's M, small c, large C, l-a-i-n, McClain.

ZR: That's hard. And her mother's name--

CD: Her mother's name, you'll hear that on the tape, most of the tape is about Maggie Mandy. Hattie would be Henrietta's mom, actually. Her mother's sister. [Discussing people in photograph.]

ZR: Margaret's sister.

CD: Offsprings of the Gudgers, probably. If you look back in the Asheville City Directories, back in the forties and thirties kind of thing. You know there were Gudgers living over there and that must have been the Black ones. There wasn't white Gudgers around there. Okay, so this is my father's brother who--oh, I'm going to do it this way. This is Dad's mom. This is Belle Beasley Dendy. Everybody called her Sweetie Belle. It was only a joke because the woman was a raging bitch. That was my dad's mom. So this is my grandma on my father's side.

ZR: Maybe that's why they named her that.

CD: A serious sense of humor. So the only thing good I could say about her, or it, I know when I was a little kid, but anybody who didn't like my mother was to me Satan's spawn. I'm a mama's girl. Is that she came out of Laurens, South Carolina, dragging two boys and three girls, probably 1920s, early 1920s, or even maybe 1919, dragging five kids and no husband. My father and his siblings, and I knew all of them except his brother, never talked about their father, ever. And his family never got together. My mother's family used to get together with six cousins three times a year. But his family, never. Mom would have to seek them out and make sure we knew some of them. So I don't know

what happened in Laurens, but what happens with Belle, Sweetie Belle, right? Is we think she had like a second-and third-grade education. She came to Asheville because she had relatives here, she thought she could have a better time here than in South Carolina at that time. She managed to get her oldest son all the way through medical school. She got Josephine all the way through a masters degree in education and into Who's Who in American Education. Uncle Benny, who was friends with the Kennedys and they started like a life insurance company in South Carolina, when he died the Kennedys came to the funeral. Her other son was my father and he actually dropped out of college because he was wanting to go pro in golf, but he actually did manage two or three years at Morehouse, which is a really good school. And so she only had two other kids who did go to college, but in the 1930s Aunt Corene went all the way through high school, graduated 1931, and I have the thing from when she graduated. And I think Aunt Josephine--Aunt Inez is the only one that didn't finish high school. So a woman with a third-grade education, dragging five kids along through the 1919s all the way up to 1930, which, you know, the Depression, did a pretty damn good job of educating her kids.

ZR: So the father's name is not even known?

CD: Oh, we know he's John Dendy also. He's like the first. There's John Brooks Dendy, he's my granddad. John Brooks Dendy, my dad. Dr. John Brooks Dendy, my half-brother, my dad's son, and his son John Brooks Dendy who retired in the Air Force. We know what his name is. And I've actually looked it up right here and gone back in the census stuff, because I assumed he was a sharecropper who was poor. But according to the census that I looked up and saw that he was educated and owned his own home in the 19--when she was married to him. So he owned property and he was educated. So whatever

else went on, she chose to leave him, and that situation, bringing five children to Asheville, with no education. But like I said, she managed to accomplish a great deal from 1919 to 1931 with her children. And she sort of set the pattern for our group, because what happened in our group is that all of us got educated. My father's four kids have PhD's, three masters, four bachelors degrees, and two AA degrees amongst us. And all of the grandchildren all have college degrees. This is Aunt Corene, Daddy's sister that graduated from Stevens Lee in 1931. On the census she shows up all kinds of way, but that's Aunt Corene right there. That's her with my half-brother who went on to become Dr. John Brooks Dendy. And I don't know who the woman is with them. This is a picture of Corene with her house. Aunt Corene's husband, Hubert. But I have another picture of her that I think is smoking.

ZR: So you don't know Josephine--

CD: Josephine spent most of her life with a husband, they lived in South Carolina and after he died she moved back up here. So she actually died here. She was here when she finally married.

ZR: So Corene is a Dendy.

CD: Corene is a Dendy Clinkscale. She was married to Uncle Hubert, Hubert Clinkscale, and they lived at 98 Broad Street.

ZR: Can you say his name again?

CD: Hubert, H-u-b-e-r-t, and then Clinkscale, C-l-i-n-k, and then scale, s-c-a-l-e,

ZR: -l-i-n-k?

CD: Clink, like clink clink.

ZR: dale?

CD: scale.

ZR: Oh, scale. You said this middle woman is Corene?

CD: Yeah, that's Corene, and I don't know who this is. But they were up showing the Parkway to my half-brother who was visiting from Philadelphia.

ZR: And his name is?

CD: Dr. John Brooks Dendy. Same as my dad except a doctor. Yeah, he has a PhD from Carnegie Mellon Art, Black arts.

ZR: This is a good one.

CD: That's Corene and her husband Hubert and Brooks with them.

ZR: Well, you're way ahead of me. Corene, Parkway. They're having a picnic and it looks like fun.

CD: Aunt Corene was fun. We had issues, but she was fun?

ZR: Corene with?

CD: With Hubert and that's my half-brother Brooks, John Brooks Dendy. [Scanning.] That's Daddy's older brother.

ZR: Okay. So I have his siblings--

CD: Daddy has Albert, that's the older brother.

ZR: Sisters Corene, Josephine, and that's Aunt Jo, and Inez wasn't in the picture.

CD: I may not have brought any pictures of her. She was insane. Sweet at one stage, but then--

ZR: Do you know where he was graduating from here?

CD: No, but I know he was a physician and he and his wife lived in Georgia. I don't know when he died. All right. Let me see. I'm not sure I can run the table of siblings without references. All right. So I bought the house. That's the house. That's 45 back in the day. When Mommy died, that was 1992.

ZR: That's the same house?

CD: No, huh-uh, this is--the gentleman who lives here is Arthur Davis and he's like--I'm trying to get him to be someone you guys get, because he used to be the guy that really organized the neighborhood, and he lives in that house. And if you look at the 1978 stuff that the City of Asheville submitted to the Feds to make a historic thing, they talk about a few little bungalows at the top of Madison that's Army tent kind of things. And what I say in here is that--I lived in San Francisco for a number of years and those three little bungalows together, these three here, remind me--because I lived one block from this. This is the famous Vicky's Diner. They call him Vicky's and somebody said, “Steiner?” They call him Vicky's and somebody said, “You should spell it out Victoria.” I said, “You know, you all are white. Write your own damn story.” You call them Vicky's and that's what they were, right? And I also say that this is it and everybody on the planet has

seen this picture, so I don't have to spell it out. Because if you want to write, write. What I found in my neighborhood was a bunch of teachers, so they like to correct grammar and spelling, but they actually can't write. And I go, “No artist would have anything to do with you, if you screw it up.” There is such a thing as literary voice, right? So I had one of my neighbors take that picture to Arthur's house and he said, “No.” And these are the guys that I think need to be interviewed. He's amazing. I likes history. He's disabled so he can't get out too well. But I understand that they can send someone.

ZR: Yeah. We're coming around. So this is 45 Madison?

CD: That's 45. That's where my family grew up. That's the way it looked when Mommy was alive. This over here is-- No. So when I was a little kid, you have relatives you like and relatives you don't, right?

ZR: Yeah.

CD: And you try to show respect to everybody. Sometimes it switches. And my mother was one of--she said her mother had 14 births, of which seven lived to be adults, five died as infants and when we were growing up those seven were aunts and uncles we saw all the time. Most of them moved to New Jersey. But one stayed behind to make sure baby sister did all right. Mom was in New Jersey for a little while, but then she came back. She went to high school at Union for a few years and learned about Italian cooking and fell in love with opera. What is a Black girl going to do with opera? Same thing with golf. Two of the oddest ideas of Black people on the planet, right? 1930, she's going after a scholarship in Julliard in opera, and she got it. And I go, “Who did you audition with?” Ever heard anybody play a musical saw?

ZR: Yeah.

CD: Do you know that song Down Yonder?

ZR: Yeah.

CD: Ever heard it played on a musical saw?

ZR: No.

CD: I have. I took Mom downtown to the Civic Center when I came home one time, took her down to the bluegrass and whatever festival downtown, and the guy was on the stage playing a musical special, and I stood up in the audience and maxed him, just blew him out, high soprano C, doing a musical saw doing down here.

ZR: Are you serious?

CD: Everybody in the audience turned around and she said, “I got my scholarship.” I said, “And then what?” But she said, “I decided I was going back to Asheville and get married and have kids.”

ZR: She was afraid she had gotten the scholarship being Black.

CD: No, they got the singers.

ZR: Remember the Nina Simone story about--what was she trying to get into, broke her dreams.

CD: I'm going to get it off of Mama and on to Nina, because I'm shaking Nina. Nina's not from Asheville, though. Nina was only here because she went to Allen and her best

friend, and that's going to be Shirley Cannon, she wanted Nina there. And all the best friends. And Shirley was like a teenager and I was a little kid, but she was like my teenage sister, because I had nothing but brothers. So Shirley would hang out with Brooks and he would come down, to boogie down, right? And him and Nina, was Nina, would all hang out and play their music together, do all this other shit stuff. And when Nina finally got her butt out of here, and was going to try to make something of-- Brooks had a little, a radio show in Philly, and he introduced her to the world, helped her pick her stage name, Nina Simone, and told her which guy was the best part to take a picture with, right? So, back off of her, she's down in Tryon, she's got nothing to do with this story.

ZR: Okay. Can I make one small comment?

CD: What?

ZR: We have a wonderful collection, including photographs, of Shirley Jackson's family.

CD: You mean Shirley Cannon.

ZR: Cannon.

CD: Well, Shirley was around here for a lot of years in this stuff. And her mother was a teacher.

ZR: I don't know how we got it, but, man, is it wonderful.

CD: Yeah, well, Shirley grew up next door to me. Their house is next door to our house. And it's in that history that I did. I have it in there and I said, “That's where Nina Simone used to hang out.” In fact, I tell this little story about one summer when the Tollivers

lived next door to us, too. That was the principal of Stevens Lee. And Ann Paige, who was Frank's wife. She was a Link and was actually friends with Marian Anderson, who had visited Asheville before but come back sometimes to see Ann, right? So Nina and Shirley were always playing the piano, rifting, right? Playing a little music and singing. And Marian was out on the porch and decided to get cute and high soprano, see that shit, right? Marge stepped out in the middle of that and blew them both out of the water. And I was sitting there laughing my ass off, like, "I'll show you how it is. My mama got piss. Everybody get back in their kitchen. So that little story is in that history. This is my house when I was a little young'un. That's me and brother, my brother sitting on the porch steps. I repurposed the steps but they're still there. That house is still there and Shirley's house was next door. This is me and brother going across the street to the Fields' house and we call them Aunt Ruby and Uncle Harold. They weren't really our relatives, but that's what we called them. And Uncle Harold was, I think Asheville's first Black policeman. I said the Leeman Williams that lived at the top of Madison was the first. He wasn't, because the gentleman named Fleming, that later dove off the French Broad, I think that was the first one. And then Leeman Williams was at the top of the street, he was second. And Uncle Harold, I think, was the third. And this is his family. This is us visiting Hilda when Hilda was a baby. That's Hilda. When Hilda was a baby, that was me and Butch crossing the street visiting her. Their oldest son, Harold, Jr., became one of the leading judges in Miami and he integrated the law school in Florida, State law school in Florida. Right after, I think, the McKissicks integrated the State law school here in North Carolina, and they lived across the street. Well, this whole street was a kind of young people who, between the McKissicks, the Dendys, the Fields, were all doing integration work, like I

was one of the first Black kids in undergraduate at Vanderbilt, plus I did walk. Edward was the first Black kid to graduate from Asheville High. So Mama was peeping and squeaking about getting tired of cooking for white folks, and doing hair and all this other stuff, and I said, “Well, what do you want to do?” “I want to be a nurse.” “Well, then, go back to school, because it's not like your kids who have been cooking, sewing, cleaning for themselves, right, need you in the house and not like Daddy gives a shit as long as you still bring money in the house.” So Mommy went to A-B Tech and became an LPN. She graduated in 1966. Ta-da! She made really good grades, too. She called me up and she goes, “You are right. The only Blacks down here that work for the school are in the janitorial kind.” And I said, “Well, welcome to integration, baby girl, since you just sent all your children except your oldest son out there in the fray. Get yourself out there with us.” I'll stop.

ZR: Let me give you just a minute to think.

CD: It's time to go.

ZR: No.

[Discussing the progress of the scanning of the photographs.]

CD: I like this one just because--. You know, we were talking about relatives you like and relatives you don't like. All my life, until he committed suicide, my actually favorite relative on the planet was my mom's other brother who stayed in North Carolina to make sure she was going to be okay when everybody else went north, and his name is Eugene. And we called him Uncle Gene. He was like six four or six five, really tall, and he would

come and the way he would deal with kids, he would come in and he would put you up someplace else, like on the mantelpiece, or the refrigerator. He was like building a wall outside and we were in his way, so he lifted us and put us on the roof of the house. So toddlers on the roof. You had to get them out of the way, you know. But everybody said he looked like the Black Clark Gable. And he was the one that would sit you all down when you were running around doing stuff and he goes, “I have to explain something to you. Don't ever take gas to a gunfight.” And the last thing you want to do is take all the Gene Autry--between the knife and the gun, he's either going to shoot you or stab you or both. I think he went out in a blaze of glory. He was trying to kill his girlfriend and her daughter and he ended up killing himself, so-- But he was really nice to us. That's Gene and that's him with the car. My mom's cousin Nancy has an Uncle Joe that lived out on Rock Hill Road and their grandson is now on the Asheville Police Department. That's my grandmother for whom I am named. This is in front of our house, me, Butch, Edward, getting ready, I guess, to go to church. Edward posed with the family. Aunt Corene at 98 Broad. And this little Brownie camera was mine. I used to take a lot of pictures. This is--I had a little Brownie camera this was taken with.

ZR: You took them?

CD: Uh-huh. Not that one, because I'm in it. This is the corner of Madison and Broad. It's my little brother, Edward. He's the tall one playing with his two friends, Kenneth Offitz(?) and Gerald Johnson. They all lived on Madison and Broad. They were playing ( ) or something.

[Sorting for scanning.]

ZR: Did you just say that's your dad?

CD: Uh-huh. This one, you know, really--this is James Norman. He was mom's first cousin on her-- James Norman, mom's first cousin on my mother's side.

ZR: Do you know where he lived?

CD: I think he lived in Sylva. Because I know that Mom usually took her-- Obviously someone I never knew, but I think it's Sylva.

[Another person came in, multiple speakers.]

CD: In Mom's story, when they left slavery and walked to Tennessee, she lived there for a while and then came back and lived in Sylva.

ZR: You mentioned that walk to Tennessee before. Why was that?

CD: I don't have no idea what was ending. Black people thought life was better in Tennessee. She joined everybody else into Tennessee. You will have to dig them all up and ask them why they thought that. I wasn't around, I actually don't know. You know some of them came back, you know. Very infrequently you'll find that Blacks were doing things in Eastern Tennessee. I lived in Seattle. That's Uncle Gene holding, might have been Mommy. Yeah, that's Uncle Gene holding Mom.

ZR: What is the Packo(?) Club?

CD: I have no idea. The reason I pulled that out was because of the beauty queen on the front of that thing here. That's Marge.

ZR: Yeah?

CD: Yep. That's Marge. And this is absolutely gorgeous. So this is out there on the plain street and it's actually my mom's sister, Aunt Ann, standing in front of the Mills house, which was out there, which no longer stands. On McClain Street, I think.

ZR: Kenilworth?

CD: Uh-huh. There's a real tragic picture on there. Okay. So Black line, folks. I'll flip through these and this is actually what you probably should scan.

ZR: I don't know who Aunt Ann is.

CD: One of my mother's sisters. What I will do is, if this stuff is all going to be in some kind of a file someplace that says “Dendy” or has my name on it--

ZR: I think we're going to make it “The Dendy Collection.”

CD: That would be cool, because what I'll do is some genealogy stuff. A lot of that is on the tape. But I'll do like a drawing, because I've been promising the family I would, and I never have. I'll just do a genealogy and put these people on it.

ZR: That would be good. Can I ask you question? What time period?

CD: That would have to be--that's going to have to be--.

ZR: So I'm trying to think when that development started.

CD: When what development started?

ZR: Kenilworth.

CD: I don't know when it started. All I know is the reason the street's named McClain is there was no one else over there but them, when they named the street.

[Other persons speaking louder.]

CD: A lot of stuff was in like cigar boxes and window seats. I said, “Mommy, let's go put names on this stuff.” And nobody wanted it but me, so--.

ZR: I'm glad you got it.

CD: I am, too. I have distant, distant relatives interested but they're not actually in the direct line. But none of the grandkids or the children of my siblings, and that's sad. If I die, it's going to be thrown in the trash, if I don't do stuff first.

ZR: Yeah. Well, you probably know this, but you letting us scan this, letting us put this in our data base.

CD: As long as you don't like, you know, give it to someone to publish a book and publish all this.

ZR: Yeah, I can tell you wouldn't like that.

CD: No, I wouldn't. Because I was talking to Allen, he was freaking out because someone went to the masters thesis and they got plugged in to interview anybody and it's all wrong about ACE CORE. And I said, “Well, I have a masters thesis and I don't understand how you have a masters thesis committee that actually can say okay to the thesis if they don't know anything. They just take your word for it? And I told him that's why your stuff needs to come out of UNCA and you need to go to the library and put

your stuff there. And take everybody in your hood, because your hood isn't as white as mine. There are--when I was growing up, Broad Street from Charlotte to Washington was all Black. There is not a single Black on those two blocks now. Not one. There's some subsidized housing that has some white kids occasionally, but there is no Black homes all on it. And I think that on Madison, which was all Black, there is now only about seven Black households. And you can't afford to get in there.

ZR: Well, you know, I've been speaking and working on the maids and stuff. I've been trying to figure out where Black people who were hired by the north whites lived. And I pursued a few names that I had and they were all central downtown, you know, Beaumont and Short Street. Because I've always wondered how they even, pre-bus, how they got here. Did they take trolleys?

CD: Which decade are we talking about?

ZR: Well, late twenties. Well, I guess the buses were in the mid-thirties. But this would be somewhat close of a neighborhood. Yeah, there weren't that many Blacks move anywhere--the little part of that that was Black, because it was all white/Jewish when I was growing up, except Madison from Hillside to East Chestnut, Broad from Charlotte to Washington, but not Washington Road. Lee Street for one building, two buildings. [Others with loud talking.] Everything else was white/Jewish. So the folks that could hire folks to work in the homes, if that's what they were doing, in that area, it's funny. Nouveau riche and what we call working rich, in other words, if you lose your job you're poor as anybody else. You might be living lies. In other words, if you have to work for a living and you weren't in Biltmore Forest, you might be working out there. But if you had

to work for a living, your ass was not in the projects. And your sure as ass weren't Jewish, because they were not only segregated, it was restricted, right? Now, if you were in the Forest, you could afford to send your chauffeur to get your help or have your help live in. So they didn't have no ( ). If you were right around, if you're nouveau or whatever it is, you probably didn't have any people of color working for you, because you were uncomfortable with that, okay?

ZR: Really?

CD: Oh, yeah, sure. Damn straight. Rich rich people don't have issues with people of color. Nouveau rich has a lot of problems. Your poor folks are just downright evil. They're the ones who voted for Trump. Haven't changed. We all see them interviewed all the time. So you could either send people or they lived in, right? And right around where I am, the larger houses there would have had people that lived in the smaller houses around there working for them that could walk to work. All right. Scanables and then I'll collect them.

ZR: So the nouveau rich would have been the land speculators?

CD: Nouveau were the people that probably, engineers, the first engineer in the family, somebody who owns the department store. Because you have to work for a living. You may have inherited it from your father or your grandfather but you have to work for a living. If it goes away, you are just as fucked as everybody else who works. But, if you are the old ones, and you actually put a factory on the train and brought it down here from up north and you bought all this land and put it in, then you don't have to work for a living. You do because your parents insist on it, but you don't have to. That's rich rich.

Reynolds is rich rich. Morgans had to work for a living in the furniture factory, but they had to work for it. We know because everybody was at the country club. I wanted to be. They either were or they wanted to be. It was either way. Okay, so this is Mommy and Daddy's wedding day.

ZR: Really?

CD: Yeah. In Greenville, South Carolina, and that gorgeous little fox right there is Mommy, and sitting next to her is my daddy. They weren't even in the middle of their own picture. That was at the Chicken Shack. This was the last real real picture taken of those two. Mommy and Daddy were the most social people on the planet, so Daddy's men's club was called The Carltons, and I think they still exist. Mommy's women's group, which were mostly the wives of The Carltons, it started out mostly being called The Carltonettes and then they said, “To hell with that. We are The Elites.” So this is Mommy and her posse of Elites. That's Mommy. And this is Pop and his posse of Carltons. And I asked his daughter, Vita, because she's at his Columbus office, and he lived on the corner, I said, “You guys got pictures and stuff like that?” “I don't remember my childhood.” I said, “Oh, Vita, give me a break.” And her mother's in her nineties, sharp as a tack, and I asked her to participate and she said that she was too bored with it. And I go, “You're the one telling me my memory's gone. I don't want to hear it.” So I'm trying to get some of these other people to participate. But that's a picture of The Carltons. And this is another Carlton shot.

ZR: Man's Black groups.

CD: Yeah. You see any white people in there?

ZR: Well, I would have thought he and he was.

CD: Well, let me tell you about Black people. We come in all shades because white people fucked us in the 1800s.

ZR: I've heard about that.

CD: I know. I have a girlfriend, Annette--

ZR: Wouldn't you call that white white?

CD: Which guy?

ZR: The guy in the--this guy?

CD: Mr. Haigh, no. No, I mean, I have a girlfriend, Annette, and she's like in her seventies. But except for the fact that I, I say, “I don't know why people can't figure out she's Black because I can tell from her nose and from her hair.” And Butch would say, “Yeah, I used to date her and the Black girls used to beat up on me because they thought she was white. And she had to cuss them out and straighten them out that she was Black.” And I said, “Sweet as she is, she was forced into that is just ridiculous.” Black people come in all shades because of slavery, you know? And many of the Black-- My mom's family, when I was going to Hill Street, which is now Isaac Dixon because they spelled the name, some of the relatives from Tennessee that had stayed, was all white, they'd been passing for white for years and in the late fifties, early sixties, decided to claim their race, so they moved back to Asheville to be Black. And they sounded like redneck hicks from Appalachian. You could take Cousin Kitty with you to school and make sure everybody was nice to her and they'd go, “I have white friends that are not as redneck as

she is.” Not redneck, hillbilly. I said, “I'm going to be fighting constantly, Mom.” “No, it's going to be all right.” And I go, “No, it's not.” Mission Hospital was segregated, they had Black floors and white floors. Mom and Kitty's mama had to go in for some minor surgery, so they decided they'd all go in together and have a room together. And so there Kitty's mama is drifting in there with Mommy and every time the nurses changed shifts, they would roll her bed out in the hallway. So we came to visit and I'm like, “Why is she out in the hallway?” They said the nurses think she's white and every time they change shift they roll her ass out there to try to find her a room on the white floor. She's out there in the hallway going, “I'm colored.” We'd have to go find the nurses, “That's a Black woman. Would you leave her in there with her friend? I mean, Jesus Christ, bad enough I've got to deal with her kid, you going to treat her mama like this?” Okay. Carlton, Carlton. I asked my brother, “Don't you have some Jabberwocks?” And he goes, “I didn't participate.” I said, “The hell you didn't.” I would have birthday parties and Jabberwocks, but you were Jabberwock.” There was a fundraiser, but I don't know whether it was a sorority or Links or whatever that they did this thing at churches and they're like fake weddings with little kids. And he was the little groom in this fake wedding, and that's him right there.

ZR: It was called a Jabberwock?

CD: It's called a Jabberwock, a fundraiser. But I don't remember whether it was Links or something else. Also, I would not allow my mother to give me birthday parties, because that would require me to put on a dress and go to somebody else's birthday party, which was not my idea of a big time. Also, my big brother likes birthday parties, so this is his birthday party. And you can always spot me because I always had to be heads above all

the other kids. I was not going to be down here. So that's me standing on the bed. [Zoe laughing.] Shut up.

ZR: Little you.

CD: I know.

ZR: “I will be taller than the rest.”

CD: I'm not having these people look down on me. Dang, screw that thing, not me. My daddy, walking down the street. And this is--I don't even know where he was.

IW: Were we supposed to be here until 4:00 or 5:00.

ZR: 4:00. That was ten minutes ago. That's your last one.

CD: This is me. I was one of those straight A students. I went after a scholarship that was supposedly only for the Black male veterans. Okay? And the purpose of it was about leadership. Well, I had been a Rockefeller Fellow and I'm like, “Okay. I need money for graduate school and this looks like easy money.” And they go, “Well, we really don't consider women.” And I said, “Woodrow Wilson.” And if the focus is leadership, that doesn't mean I have to have a dick and balls. It means I have to be a leader, which I could do with my hand tied. So I ended up winning, right? So this is me winning my scholarship, for graduate school. But then, just to make life more complicated, I didn't have quite enough money for books, right? So because I could prove, thanks to Mommy, that Great Grandpa Carter fought in the Civil War on the Confederate side, by the family Bible proving it at the time, I applied to the Daughters of the American Confederacy on Peachtree Street in Atlanta, for a book grant, and they awarded it to me. My brother said

years later--because he used to set up speakers and IT stuff for videography, he got a contract for a company he had to set up the speakers for some event they were having, the Daughters of the American Confederacy, so he told them, “You all gave my sister a book grant because she proved our great-grandfather fought for the Confederacy.” And they go, “Oh, does she want an application? Because she could be a member.” But said, “I don't think so. Last time I looked she was running with Angela Davis and the Black Panthers or somebody. I don't think she wants to be in your group.”

ZR: Would you mind if we come do this again later?

CD: Yes, that would be all right. We could schedule another day.

ZR: I'll just keep it all together.

CD: Okay. Because you know what you've scanned.

ZR: Yeah.

CD: Okay. I'll put these things here.

ZR: Everything on this side we haven't scanned yet.

CD: These things you have.

ZR: Yeah. And these she has.

[Gathering photos.]

END OF INTERVIEW.

DEATHS /
ASHEVILLE
Marjorie M. Dendy
Marjorie McCabe Dendy, of 46 Marlow Avenue, died Tuesday, May 3, 1982, in a Asheville hospital. Dendy was the daughter of the late Osage and Henrietta Peirce McClain. She graduated from Union Hill High School in Union City, N.J. She was a licensed practical nurse and a member of the North Carolina Licensed Practical Nurses Association. She was also a member of the National Federation Licensed Practical Nurses Association. Dendy was a former member of the Ladies of the Cathedral Club. She was married in 1946 to the late John Dendy.
She is survived by her sons, Edward Thomas Dendy of Asheville and Jerry Dendy of Allentown, Pa.; one daughter, Marjorie Dendy Cleary" Dendy of Oakland, Calif.; and two grandchildren.
Memorial services will be 3 p.m. Friday in Calvary Methodist Church, Woodfin, of which she was a member.
The family will receive friends at the residence.
Allen & Association Mortuary is in charge of arrangements.
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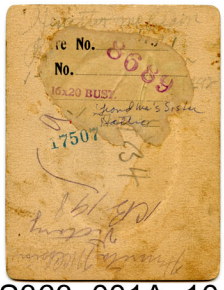
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Dad's Mother
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Aunt Josephine
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Uncle Benny
Aunt Ida's Husband
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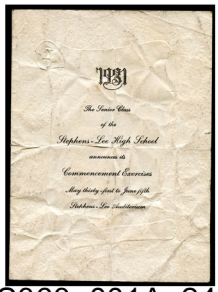
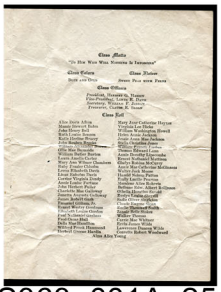

1931
The Senior Class
of the
Stephens-Lee High School
announces its
Commencement Exercises
May thirty-first to June fifth
Stephens-Lee Auditorium
MS363_001A_24.tif


Class Motto
Class Colors
Class Flower
Class Officers
Class Roll
MS363_001A_25.tif

MS363_001A_26.tif

Aunt Annie
Annie Mabelle McClain
MS363_001A_27.tif

MS363_001A_28.tif

MS363_001A_29.tif

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CORRESPONDENCE
ADDRESS
MS363_001A_30.tif